Mœoniæ.

OR,

CERTAINE

excellent Poems and ſpiri-
tuall Hymnes:

Omitted in the laſt Impreſſion of Peters Complaint; being needefull thereunto to be annexed, as being both Diuine and Wittie.

All compoſed by R.S.

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The Printer to the Gentlemen Readers.

HAuing beheld (kind Gentlemen) the numberlesse Iudges of not to be reckoned labours, with what kind admiration you haue entertained the Diuine Complaint of holy Peter; and hauing in my hands certaine especiall Poems and diuine Meditations, full as woorthie belonging to the same, I thought it a charitable deede to giue them life in your memories, which els should die in an obscure sacrifice, gently embrace them, gentle censurers of gentle indeuors: so shall you not be fantastike in diuersity of opinions, nor contradict your resolues by

denying your former iudgements, but ſtill bee your ſelues diſcreetely vertuous, nor could I other wiſh, but that the courteous reader of theſe labors, not hauing already bought Peters Complaint, would not for ſo ſmall a mite of money looſe ſo rich a treaſure of heauenly wiſdome as theſe two Treatiſes ſhould miniſter vnto him, the one ſo needfully depending vpon the other. One thing amongſt the reſt I am to admoniſh thee of, that hauing in this Treatiſe read Maries viſitation, the next that ſhould follow is Chriſts natiuity, but being afore printed in the end of Peters Complaint, we haue heere of purpoſe omitted; that thou ſhouldeſt not be abridged of that and the other like comforts which that other treatiſe profereth thee.

Yours (kind Gentlemen) in all his abilities. I. B.

The Virgine Maries conception.

OVR ſecond *Eue* puts on her mortall ſhroude,
Earth breeds a heauen, for Gods new dwelling (place,
Now riſeth vp *Elias* little cloude
That growing, ſhall diſtill the ſhowre of grace:
Her being now begins, who ere ſhe end,
Shall bring our good that ſhall our ill amend,
Both Grace and Nature did their force vnite,
To make this babe the ſumme of all their beſt,
Our moſt, her leaſt, our million, but her mite:
Shee was at eaſieſt rate worth all the reſt,
What grace to men or Angels God did part,
Was all vnited in this infants heart.
Four only weights bred without fault are namde
And al the reſt conceiued were in ſinne
Without both man and wife was *Adam* framde
Of man, but not of wife did *Eue* beginne,
Wife without touch of man Chriſts mother was,
Of man and wife this babe was borne in grace.

Her Natiuity.

IOy in the riſing of our Orient ſtarre, (light,
That ſhal bring forth the Sunne that lent her
Ioy in the peace that ſhall conclude our warre,
And ſoone rebate the edge of Sathans ſpight,
Load-ſtarre of all incloſed in worldly waues,
The care and compaſſe that from ſhip-wracke ſaues,
The Patriarchs and Prophets were the flowers,
Which Time by courſe of ages did diſtill,
And cal'd into his little cloud the ſhowers,
Whoſe gratious drops the world with ioy ſhall fil,
Whoſe moiſture ſuppleth euery ſoule with grace,
And bringeth life to *Adams* dying race.
For God on earth ſhe is the royall throne,
The choſen cloth to make his mortall weede
The quarry to cut out our corner ſtone,
Soile ful of fruit, yet free from mortall ſeede,
For heauenly flowre ſhee is the *Ieſſa* rod,
The child of man, the parent of a god.

Her Spouſals.

WIſe did ſhe liue, yet virgin did ſhe die,
Vntaught of man yet mother of a ſonne,
To ſaue her ſelfe and child from fatall lie,
To end the web wherof the thred was ſponne
In mariage knots to *Ioſeph* ſhee was tide
Vnwonted workes with wonted wiles to hide
God lent his Paradiſe to *Ioſephs* care
Wherein he was to plant the tree of life,
His ſonne of *Ioſephs* child the title bare:
Iuſt cauſe to make the mother *Ioſephs* wife
O bleſſed man betroth'd too much a ſpouſe,
More bleſs'd to liue with ſuch a childe in houſe
No carnall loue this ſacred league procurde,
All vaine delights were farre from their aſſent
Though both themſelues in wedlocke bandes aſſurde,
Yet chaſt by yow they ſeald their chaſt intent
Thus had the Virgins, wiues, and widowes crowne
And by chaſt child-birth dubled their renowne.

The Virgins ſalutation.

SPell *Eua* backe and *Aue* ſhall you finde,
The firſt began, the laſt reuerſt our harmes,
An Angels *Aue* diſinchants the charmes,
Death firſt by womans weakenes entred in,
In womans vertue life doth now begin.
O Virgins breaſt the heauens to thee incline,
In thee they ioy, and ſoueraigne they agnize,
Too meane their glory is to match with thine,
Whoſe chaſte receit God more then heauen did prize,
Haile faireſt heauen, that heauen and earth doe bliſſe,
Where vertues ſtarre Gods ſunne of iuſtice is,
With hauty minde to godhead man aſpirde,
And was by pride from place of pleaſure chac'de,
With louing minde our manhood God deſired,
And vs by loue in greater pleaſure plac'de,
Man labouring to aſcend procurde our fall,
God yeelding to diſcend cut off our thrall.

The Viſitation.

PRoclaimed Queene and mother of a God,
The light of earth, the ſoueraigne of Saints,
With Pilgrim foote, vp tyring hils ſhe trod,
And heauenly ſtile with handmaids toile ac-
Her youth to age, her ſelfe to ſicke ſhe lends, (quaints
Her heart to God, to neighbour hand ſhe bends
A prince ſhe is, and mightier prince doth beare,
Yet pompe of princely traine ſhe would not haue,
But doubtles heauenly Quires attendant were,
Her child from harme her ſelfe from fall to ſaue,
Word to the voice, ſong to the tune ſhe brings,
The voice her word, the tune her dittie ſings,
Eternal lights incloſed in her breaſt,
Shot out ſuch piercing beames of burning loue,
That when her voice her coſens eares poſſeſt,
The force thereof did force her babe to moue,
With ſecret ſignes the children greet each other,
But open praiſe each leaueth to his mother.

His circumciſion.

THe head is launſt to worke the bodies cure,
With angry ſalue it ſmarts to heal our woũd
To faultleſſe ſonne from all offences pure,
The faulty vaſſals ſcourges do redound,
The Iudge is caſt the guilty to acquite,
The ſonne defac'd to lend the ſtarre his light,
The vine of life diſtilleth drops of grace,
Our rocke giues iſſue to an heauenly ſpring,
Teares from his eies blood runnes from wounded place
Which ſhowers to heauen, of ioy a harueſt bring
This ſacred dew let angels gather vp,
Such dainty drops beſt fit their nectared cup,
With weeping eies his mother rewd his ſmart,
If blood from him, teares came from her as faſt,
The knife that cut his fleſh did pierce his heart,
The paine that Ieſus ſet did *Mary* taſte,
His life and hers hung by one fatall twiſt,
No blow that hit the ſonne the mother miſt.

The

The Epiphanie.

TO blaze the riſing of this glorious ſunne
A glittering ſtarre appeareth in the eaſt
Whoſe ſight to pilgrims toyle three ſages wun,
To ſeeke the light they long had in requeſt
And by this ſtar to nobler ſtarre they pace,
Whoſe armes did their deſired ſinne imbrace:
Stall was the sky wherein thoſe plannets ſhinde,
And want the cloud that did eclipſe their raies,
Yet through this cloud their light did paſſage finde,
And pierc'd theſe ſages hearts by ſecret waies,
Which made them know the ruler of the skies
By infant tongue and lookes of babiſh eies,
Heauen at her light, earth bluſheth at her pride,
And of their pompe theſe peeres aſhamed be,
Their crowns, their robes, their traines they ſet aſide
When Gods poore cottage, clouts, and crew they ſee,
All glorious things their glory now deſpiſe
Sith God Contempt doth more then Glory priſe,
Three giftes they bring, three giftes they beare away
For incenſe mirre, and gold, faith, hope, and loue,
And with their gifts the giuers hearts do ſtay
Their mind from Chriſt, no parting can remoue
His humble ſtate, his ſtall, his poore retinew
They fancy more then all their rich reuenew.

The Preſentation.

TO be redeemd the worlds Redeemer brought,
Two ſilly turtle doues for ranſome paies,
O wares with empires worthy to be bought,
This eaſie rate doth ſound not drowne thy praiſe,
For ſith no price can to thy worth amount,
A doue, yea loue, due price thou doeſt account,
Old *Simeon*, cheape penny worth and ſweete,
Obteind when thee in armes he did imbrace,
His weeping eies thy ſmiling lookes did meete,
Thy loue his heart, thy kiſſes bleſt his face,
O eies, O hart, meane ſights and loues auoyde,
Baſe not your ſelues, your beſt you haue enioyde,
O virgin pure thou doſt thoſe doues preſent
As due to law, not as an equall price,
To buy ſuch ware thou wouldſt thy ſelfe haue ſpent,
The world to reach his worth could not ſuffice,
If God were to be bought, not worldly pelfe,
But thou wert fitteſt price next God himſelfe.

The

The flight into Egypt.

ALas our day is forſt to flie by night
Light withon light, and ſunne by ſilent ſhade,
O nature bluſh that ſuffreſt ſuch a wight,
That in thy ſunne thy darke eclipſe haſt made,
Day to his eies, light to his ſteps denie,
That hates the light which graceth euery eie,
Sunne being fled the ſtarres do looſe their light,
And ſhining beames, in bloody ſtreames they drench.
A cruell ſtorme of *Herods* mortall ſpight
Their liues and lightes with bloody ſhowers doe quench
The tyrant to be ſure of murdring one,
For feare of ſparing him doth pardon none.
O bleſſed babes, firſt flowers of chriſtian ſpring,
Who though vntimely cropt faire garlandes frame
With open throats and ſilent mouthes you ſing,
His praiſe whom age permits you not to name,
Your tunes are teares, your inſtruments are ſwords,
Your ditty death, and blood in liew of wordes.

Christs returne out of Egypt.

VVHen death & hell their right in *Herod* claime,
Christ from exile returnes to natiue ſoile:
There, with his life more deepely death to maime
Then death did life by all the infantes ſpoile.
He ſhewed the parents that the babes did mone,
That all their liues were leſſe then his alone.
But hearing *Herods* ſonne to haue the crowne,
The impious offspring of a bloudy ſire,
To *Nazareth* (of heauen beloued) towne,
Flowre to a flowre he fitly doth retire.
For he is a flower and in a flower he bred,
And from a thorne now to a flowre he fled.
And well deſerud this flower his fruit to view
Where he inueſted was in mortall weede,
Where firſt vnto a tender bud he grew
In virgin branch vnſtaind with mortall ſeede.
Young flower, with flowers, in flower well may he be:
Ripe fruit he muſt with thornes hang on a tree.

Chriſts

Chriſtes bloody ſweat.

FAt ſoile, full ſpring, ſweet oliue, grape of bliſſe,
That yeelds, that ſtreams, that powers, that doſt diſtil
Vntild, vndrawne, vnſtampt, vntoucht of preſſe,
Deare fruit, cleare brookes, faire oile, ſweet wine at will:
Thus Chriſt vnforſt preuents in ſheeding blood
The whips, the thornes, the naile, the ſpeare, and roode.
He Pelicans, he Phenix fate doth proue,
Whom flames conſume when ſtreames enforce to die,
How burneth bloud, how bleedeth burning loue?
Can one in flame, and ſtreame both bath and frie?
How would he ioine a Phenix fiery paines
In fainting Pelicans ſtill bleeding vaines?

Chriſts ſleeping friends.

When Chriſt with care & pangs of death oppreſt
From frighted fleſh a bloody ſweate did raine,
And full of feare without repoſe or reſt
In agony did watch and pray in vaine
Three ſundry times he his diſciples findes
With heauy eies, but farre more heauy mindes,
With milde rebuke he warned them to wake:
Yet ſleepe did ſtill their drouſie ſences hold.
As when the ſunne the brighteſt ſhew doth make
In darkeſt ſhrouds the night birdes them infolde,
His foes did watch to worke their cruell ſpight,
His drouſie friendes ſlept in his hardeſt night.
As *Ionas* ſayled once from *Ioppaes* ſhoare
A boyſtrous tempeſt in the aire did broile,
The waues did rage, the thundring heauens did roare,
The ſtormes, the rockes, the lightnings threatned ſpoile,
The ſhippe was billowes game, and chaunces pray,
Yet careleſſe *Ionas* mute and ſlumbring lay:

So

So now though *Iudas* like a bluſtring guſt,
Doe ſtirre the furious ſea of Iewiſh ire,
Though ſtorming troopes in quarrels moſt vniuſt
Againſt the barke of all our bliſſe conſpire,
Yet theſe diſciples ſleeping lie ſecure,
As though their wonted calme did ſtill endure.
So *Ionas* once his heauy limmes toreſt,
Did ſhrowd himſelfe in iuy pleaſant ſhade,
But lo, while him a heauy ſleepe oppreſt,
His ſhadowy bowre, to witherꝛd ſtalke did fade,
A cankered worme did gnaw the root away,
And brought the glorious branches to decay.
O gratious plant, O tree of heauenly ſpring,
The paragon for leafe, for fruit and flower,
How ſweete a ſhadow did thy braunches bring
To ſhrowd theſe ſoules that choſe thee for their bower,
But now while they with *Ionas* fall a ſleepe,
To ſpoile their plant an enuious worme doth creepe.
Awake you ſlumbring wightes lift vp your eies,
Marke *Iudas* how to teare your roote he ſtriues,
Alas the glory of your arbor dies,
Ariſe and guarde the comforte of your liues.
No *Ionas* iuy, no *Zacheus* tree,
Were to the world ſo great a loſſe as he.

The virgin Mary to Christ on the Crosse.

WHat mist hath dimd that glorious face, what seas of griefe my sun doth tosse?
The golden raies of heauenly grace lies now ecclipsed on the crosse.
Iesus my loue, my sonne, my God, behold thy mother washt in teares:
Thy bloody woundes be made a rod, to chasten these my latter yeares.
You cruell Iewes come worke your ire, vpon this worthlesse flesh of mine:
And kindle not eternal fire, by wounding him which is diuine.
Thou messenger that didst impart his first discent into my womb,
Come helpe me now to cleaue my heart, that there I may my sonne intombe:
You Angels all that present were, to shew his birth with harmony,
Why are you not now ready here, to make a mourning symphony
The cause I know, you waile alone, and shed your teares in secresie,
Least I should moued be to mone, by force of heauy company.
But waile my soule, thy comfort dies, my wofull wombe lament thy fruit,
My heart giue teares vnto my eies, let sorrow string my heauy lute.

A holy Hymne.

PRaiſe, O Sion, praiſe thy Sauiour,
Praiſe thy Captaine and thy paſtour,
With hymnes and ſolemne harmony.
What power affords performe indeede,
His workes all praiſes farre exceede:
No praiſe can reach his dignity.
A ſpeciall theame of praiſe is read,
A liuing and life giuing bread
Is on this day exhibited
Within the ſupper of our Lord,
To twelue diſciples at his bord,
As doubtleſſe twas deliuered.
Let our praiſe be lou'd and free,
Full of ioy and decent glee,
With mindes and voices melody.
For now ſolemnize we that day,
Which doth with ioy to vs diſplay
The priuy vſe of this miſtery
At this borde of our new ruler,
Of new Law, new paſcall order.

The ancient rite aboliſheth
Old decrees by new annild,
Shadows are in trueth fulfilld:
Day former darknes finiſheth.
That at ſupper Chriſt performed
To be done he ſtraightly charged
For his eternall memory.
Guided by his ſacred orders
Bread and wine vpon our altars
To ſauing hoſt we ſanctifie,
Chriſtians are by faith aſſured
That to fleſh the bread is changed,
The wine to blood moſt pretious,
That no wit nor ſence conceiueth
Firme and grounded faith belieueth
In ſtrange affects not curious.
Vnder kindes two in appearance
Two in ſhew but one in ſubſtance,
Be things beyond compariſon:
Fleſh is meat, blood drink moſt heauenly:
Yet is Chriſt in each kinde wholy
Moſt free from al diuiſion.
None that eateth him doth chew him,
None that takes him, doth diuide him
Receiued he whole perſeuereth
Be there one or thouſandes houſoled

One as much as all receiued,
He by no eating periſheth.
Both the good and bad receiue him,
But effectes are diuers in them,
True life, or true deſtruction,
Life to the good, death to the wicked:
Marke how both alike receiued
With farre vnlike concluſion.
When the prieſt the hoaſt deuideth,
Know that each part abideth:
All that the whole hoaſt couered,
Forme of bread not Chriſt is broken,
Not of Chriſt but of his token
Is ſtate or ſtature altered.
Angels bread made *Pilgrimes* feeding,
Truly bread for childrens eating
To dogs not to be offered:
Signd by *Iſack* on the altar
By the Lambe and paſchall ſupper,
And in the manna figured.
Ieſu food and feeder of vs
Heere with mercy feede and friend vs,
Then grant in heauen felicity,
Lord of all whom heere thou feedeſt,
Fellow heires, gueſts with thy deareſt,
Make vs in heauenly company.

S. Peters afflicted minde.

IF that the ſicke may grore,
Or Orphane morne his loſſe:
If wounded wretch may rue his harmes,
Or caitife ſhew his croſſe:
If heart conſumde with care
May vtter ſignes of paine,
Then may my breſt be ſorrowes home,
And tongue with cauſe complaine.
My maladie is ſinne,
And languor of the minde,
My body but a lazats couch,
Wherein my ſoule is pinde.
The care of heauenly kinde
Is dead to my reliefe,
Forlorne and left like Orphan child
With ſighs I feede my griefe.
My woundes with mortall ſmart
My dying ſoule torment,
And priſoner to mine owne miſhaps
My follies I repent.
My hart is but the haunt
Where all diſlikes doe keepe:
And who can blame ſo loſt a wretch,
Though teares of blood he weepe.

S. Peters

S. Peters remorſe.

REmorſe vpbraids my faults,
Selfe blaming conſcience cries,
Sinne claimes the hoaſt of humbled thoughtes,
And ſtreames of weeping eies.
Let penance Lorde preuaile,
Let ſorrow ſue releaſe,
Let loue be vmpier in my cauſe,
And paſſe the doome of peace.
If doome go by deſert,
My leaſt deſert is death,
That robs from ſoule immortall ioies,
From body mortall breath.
But in ſo high a God,
So baſe a wormes annoy
Can adde no praiſe vnto thy power,
No bliſſe vnto thy ioy.
Well may I frie in flames
Due fuell to hell fire,

But on a wretch to wreake thy wrath
Can not be worth thine ire.
Yet ſith ſo vile a woorme
Hath wrought his greateſt ſpight,
Of higheſt treaſon well thou maiſt
In rigor him endite.
But mercy may relent
And temper iuſtice rod:
For mercy doth as much belong
As Iuſtice to a God.
If former time or place
More right to mercy winne,
Thou firſt wert author of my ſelfe,
Then vmpier of my ſinne.
Did mercy ſpin the thread
To weaue in iuſtice loome?
Wert thou a father to conclude
With dreadfull Iudges doome?
It is a ſmall reliefe
To ſay I was thy child,
If as an ill deſeruing foe
From grace I am exilde.
I was, I had, I could,
All wordes importing want:
They are but duſt of dead ſupplies,
Where needfull helpes are ſcant.

Once to haue beene in bliſſe
That hardly can returne,
Doth but bewray from whence I fell,
And wherefore now I mourne.
All thoughts of paſſed hopes
Encreaſe my preſent croſſe:
Like ruins of decaied ioies
They ſtill vpbraide my loſſe.
O milde and mighty Lord,
Amend that is amiſſe:
My ſinne my ſoare, thy loue my ſalue,
Thy cure my comfort is.
Confirme thy former deedes,
Reforme that is defilde:
I was, I am, I will remaine
Thy charge, thy choice, thy childe.

Man to the wound in Christs side.

O Pleasant port, O place of rest,
O royall rifte, O worthy wound,
Come harbour me a weary gueſt,
That in the world no eaſe haue found.
I lie lamenting at thy gate,
Yet dare I not aduenture in:
I beare with me a troublous mate,
And combred am, with heape of ſinne.
Diſcharge me of this heauy load,
That eaſier paſſage I may finde,
Within this bowre to make aboade,
And in this glorious tombe be ſhrin'd.
Heere muſt I liue, heere muſt I die,
Heere would I vtter all my griefe:
Heere would I all thoſe paines deſcrie,
Which here did meete for my releefe.
Heere would I view that bloudy ſore,
Which dint of ſpitefull ſpeare did breed,

The

The bloody woundes laid there in ſtore
  Would force a ſtony heart to bleede.
Heere is the ſpring of trickling teares,
  The mirror of al mourning wights,
With dolefull tunes, for dumpiſh cares
  And ſolemne ſhewes for ſorrowed ſights.
O happy ſoule that flies ſo hie,
  As to attaine this ſacred caue:
Lord ſend we wings that I may flye,
  And in this harbour quiet haue.

Vpon

Vpon the Image of death.

BEfore my face the picture hangs,
That daily ſhould put me in mind
Of thoſe cold names, and bitter pangs,
That ſhortly I am like to finde:
But yet alas full little I
Doe thinke hereon that I muſt die.
I often looke vpon a face
Moſt vgly, griſly, bare, and thinne,
I often view the hollow place,
Where eies, and noſe, had ſometimes bin
I ſee the bones acroſſe that lie:
Yet little thinke that I muſt die.
I reade the Labell vnderneath
That telleth me whereto I muſt,
I ſee the ſentence eake that ſaith,
Remember man that thou art durſt:
But yet alas but ſeldome I
Doe thinke indeede that I muſt die.

Continually at my beds head,
A hearſe doth hang which doth me tel,
That I yer morning may be dead,
Though now I feele my ſelfe full wel:
But yet alas, for all this I
Haue litle minde that I muſt die,
The gowne which I do vſe to weare,
The knife wherewith I cut my meate,
And eke that old and ancient chaire,
Which is my onely vſuall ſeate:
All thoſe do tell me I muſt die,
And yet my life amend not I.
My anceſtors are turnd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone,
My yongers dayly drop away,
And can I thinke to ſcape alone?
No, no, I know that I muſt die,
And yet my life amsnd not I.
Not *Salomon* for all his wit,
Nor *Samſon* though he were ſo ſtrong,
No king nor perſon euer yet
Could ſcape, but death laid him along:
Wherefore I know that I muſt die,
And yet my life amend not I.
Though all the Eaſt did quake to heare,
Of *Alexanders* dreadfull name,

And all the Weſt did likewiſe feare,
To heare of *Iulius Ceſars* fame,
Yet both by death in duſt nowlie,
Who then can ſcape but he muſt die!
If none can ſcape deaths dreadfull dart,
If rich and poore his becke obey,
If ſtrong, if wiſe, if all do ſmart,
Then I to ſcape ſhall haue no way.
Oh grant me grace O God that I,
My life may mend ſith I muſt die.

A vale of teares.

A Vale there is enwrapt with dreadfull ſhades, (ſunne
Which thicke of mourning pines ſhrouds from the
Where hanging clifts yeld ſhort & dumpiſh glades,
And ſnowie flouds with broken ſtreames doe runne,
Where eie-roume is from rocke to cloudie skie,
From thence to dales which ſtormie ruines ſhroud,
Then to the cruſhed waters frothie frie,
Which tumbleth from the tops where ſnow is thow'd:
Where eares of other ſound can haue no choice,
But various bluſtring of the ſtubburne winde
In trees, in caues, in ſtraits with diuers noiſe,
Which now doth hiſſe, now howle, now roare by kinde:
Where waters wraſtle with encountering ſtones,
That breake their ſtreames, and turne them into foame,
The hollow clouds full fraught with thundering groans,
With hideous thumps diſcharge their pregnant wombe.
And in the horror of this fearfull quier,
Conſiſts the muſicke of this dolefull place:

All pleaſant birds their tunes from thence retire,
Where none but heauy notes haue any grace.
Reſort there is of none but pilgrim-wights,
That paſſe with trembling foot and panting heart,
With terror caſt in cold and ſhuddring frights,
And all the place to terror framde by art:
Yet natures worke it is of arte vntoucht,
So ſtrait indeed, ſo vaſt vnto the eie,
With ſuch diſordred order ſtrangely coucht,
And ſo with pleaſing horror low and hie,
That who it viewes muſt needs remaine agaſt,
Much at the worke, more at the makers might,
And muſe how Nature ſuch a plot could caſt,
Where nothing ſeemed wrong, yet nothing right:
A place for mated minds, an onely bower,
Where euery thing doth ſooth a dumpiſh mood,
Earth lies forlorne, the cloudie skie doth lower,
The wind here weepes, her ſighes, her cries aloude.
The ſtrugling floud betweene the marble grones,
Then roring beates vpon the craggie ſides,
A little offa midſt the pibble ſtones,
With bubling ſtreames a purling noiſe it glides.
The pines thicke ſet, hie growne, and euer greene,
Still cloath the place with ſhade and mourning vaile.
Here gaping cliffes, there moſſe growne plaine is ſeene,
Here hope doth ſpring, and there againe doth quaile.

Huge

Huge maſsie ſtones that hang by tickle ſtay,
Still threaten foule,and ſeeme to hang in feare,
Some withered trees aſhamde of their decay,
Beſet with greene,and forcde gray coats to weare.
Here chriſtall ſprings crept out of ſecret vaine,
Strait finde ſome enuious hole that hides their graine.
Here ſeared tufts lament the wants of grace,
There thunder wracke giues terror to the place.
All pangs and heauie paſsions here may find
A thouſand motiues ſuitly to their griefes,
To feed the ſorrowes of their troubled minde,
And chaſe away dame pleaſures vaine reliefes.
To plaining thoughts this vaile a reſt may bee,
To which from worldly toyes they may retire.
Where ſorrow ſprings from water,ſtone and tree,
Where euerie thing with mourners doth conſpire.
Sit here my ſoule,mourne ſtreames of teares a floate,
Here all thy ſinfull foiles alone recount,
Of ſolemne tunes make thou the dolefulſt note,
That to thy ditties dolor may amount.
When *Eccho* doth repeat thy painfull cries,
Thinke that the verie ſtones thy ſinnes bewray,
And now accuſe thee with their ſad replies,
As heauen and earth ſhall in the latter day,
Let former faults be fuell of the fire,
For griefe in Limbecke of thy heart to ſtill.

Thy penſiue thoughts, and dumps of thy deſire,
And vapoure teares vp to thy eyes at will.
Let teares to tunes, and paines to plaints be preſt,
And let this be the burthen to thy ſong,
Come deepe remorſe, poſſeſſe my ſinfull breſt:
Delights adue I harbourd you to long.

The prodigall childs ſoule wracke.

DIſanker'd from a bliſfull ſhore, and lancht into the meane of cares
Grown rich in vice, in vertue poore from freedom faln in fatal ſnares
I found my ſelfe on euery ſide enwrapped in the waues of wo,
And toſſed with a toileſome tide, could to no port for refuge go.
The wraſtling winds with raging blaſts ſtill hold me in a cruel chace.
They breake my anchors, ſaile, and maſts, permitting no repoſing place.
The boiſtrous ſeas with ſwelling flouds on euery ſide did work their ſpight
Heauen ouercaſt with ſtormie clouds, denide the Planets guiding light.
The helliſh furies lay in wait, to winne my ſoule into their power,
To make me bite at euery bait, wherein my bane I might deuoure.
Thus heauen and hell, thus ſea & land, thus ſtormes and tẽpeſts did conſpire,
With iuſt reuenge of ſcourging hand, to witnes Gods deſerued ire.
I plunged in this heauie plight, found in my faults iuſt cauſe to feare:
My darkenes taught to know my light, the loſſe thereof enforced teares.
I felt my inward bleeding ſores, my feſtred wounds began to ſmart,
Stept far within deaths fatal doores, the pangs thereof were nere my hart.
I cried truce, I craued peace a league with death I would couclude,
But vaine it was to ſue releaſe ſubdue I muſt or be ſubdude.

Death

Death & deceit had pitcht their ſnares & put their wonted proofes in vre
To ſinke me in deſpairing cares, or make me ſtoupe to pleaſures lure:
They ſought by their bewitching charmes ſo to enchant my erring ſenſe,
That when they ſought my greateſt harmes I might neglect my beſt defence.
My dazled eies could take no view, no heed of their receiuing ſhifts,
So often did they alter hew, and practiſe new deuiſed drifts:
With Sirens ſongs they fed mine eares, till luld a ſleepe on errors lap,
I found their tunes turnd into teares and ſhort delights to long miſhap.
For I inticed to their lore, and ſoothed with their idle toies
Was trained to their priſon doore, the end of all ſuch flying ioies:
Where chaind in ſinne I lay in thrall, next to the dungeon of deſpaire,
Till mercy raiſde me from my fall, and grace my ruines did repaire.

Mans ciuill warre.

My houering thoughts would flie to heauen, and quiet neſtle in the skie,
Faine would my ſhip in vertues ſhore without remoue at anchor lie:
But mounted thoughts are hailed downe with heauie poiſe of mortall load,
And bluſtring ſtormes denie my ſhip, in vertues hauen ſure abeade.
When inward eie to heauenly ſights doth draw my longing harts deſire,
The world with leſſes of delights, would to her pearch my thoughts retire,
Fond fancie traines to pleaſures lure, though reaſon ſtiffely do repine.
Though wiſdome wooe me to the ſaint yet ſenſe would win me to the ſhrine,
Where reaſon loathes, there fancie loues, and euer rules the captiue will
Foes ſenſes, and to vertues lore, they draw the wit their wiſh to fill.

Neede

Needs craues consent of soule to sence, yet diuers bents breeds ciuil fray,
Hard hap where halues must disagree, or trust of halues the hole betray,
O cruel fight where fighting frend with loue doth kil a fauoring foe,
Where peace with sense is warre with God, and selfe delight the seede of woe,
Dame pleasures drugges are steept in sinne, their sugred tast doth breede anoy,
O fickle sense beware her ginne, sell not thy soule for brittle ioy.

Seeke flowers of heauen.

SOare vp my soule vnto thy rest, cast off this loathsome loade:
Long is the date of thy exile, too long the strickt abode.
Graze not on worldly withered weede, it fitteth not thy taste,
The flowers of euerlasting spring, doe grow for thy repast.
Their leaues are staind in beauties die, and blazed with their beams,
Their stalks inameld with delight, and limbde with glorious gleames.
Life giuing iuice of liuing loue, their sugred vaines doth fill,
And watred with eternall showers, they nectared drops distill.
These flowers dospring from fertile soile, though from vnmanurde field,
Most glittering gold in lieu of glebe, these fragrant flowers do yeeld:
Whose soueraigne sent surpassing sense, so rauisheth the minde,
That worldly weedes needs must be loath, that can these flowers find.

FINIS.

Not sollomon for all his wit
Nor Samson though he ware so strong
No king nor parson ever yet
Could stape but death tend him along
Therefore I know that I must dy
And yet my life amend not I

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